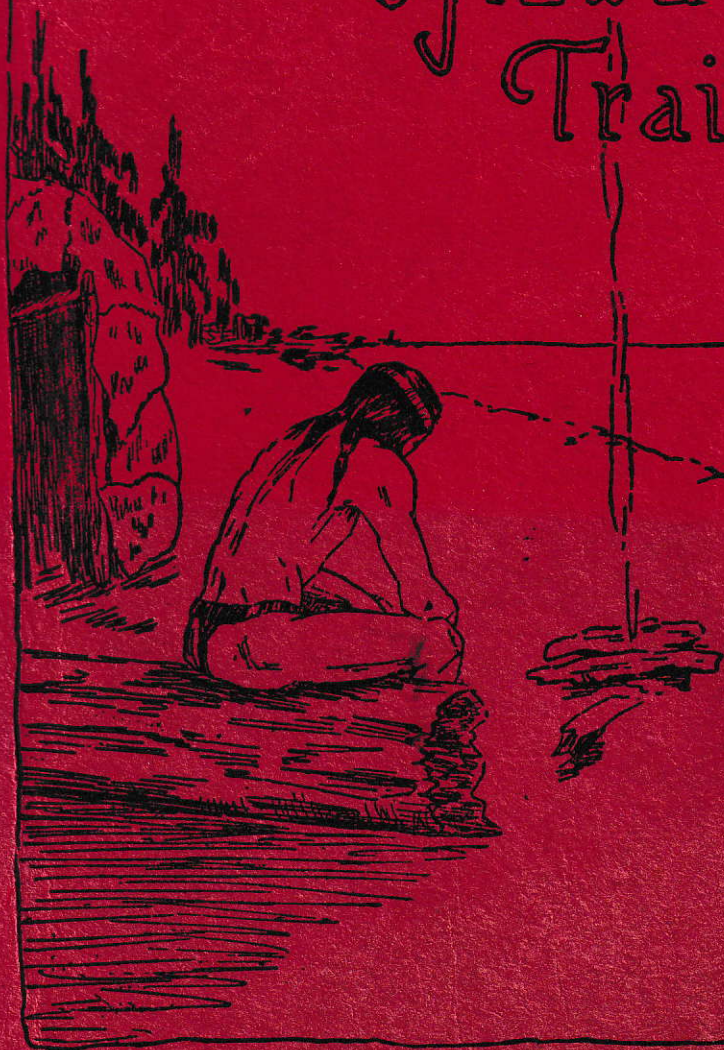


# Ojibway Trails





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# Ojibway Trails

By

**HOTAN-TONKA**

*"Sound-of-the-Wind-Through-the-Pines"*

*Hotantonka*

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**LILLIAN BAKER**

Published by

**JACK ROHR**

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TO MY  
WIFE AND SON  
WHO HAVE HELPED MAKE  
THIS LITTLE BOOK  
POSSIBLE





## We-ne-bo-sho



**A**MONG the Indians of the north, and especially the Ojibway, there is a form of belief that at one time Man-i-tou walked upon the earth and was, as one of them. His goings and comings were many and his deeds were legend. After he had left the earth to go back to the land of the Great Mystery, he sent a small boy to take his place, a boy who came as a babe, into the wigwam of No-ko-mis and who was destined to be a great man among the Ojibways.

Legend tells us that this man was able to do all manner of things. He could heal the sick, make the lame walk, feed those who were hungry and clothe those who were naked. He traveled up and down the earth doing all sorts of good and kind deeds, and it is of these that I would tell you.

You must first understand that the Old Indian was a firm believer in Spirits. He saw a spirit in every living thing. To him the Spirit of the Wind spoke, as he heard the sighing of the pine trees in the evening breeze. The Water Spirit could tell him of many things that it had seen, as he stood beside a brook or watched the water-fall. He understood the voices of the birds as they sang a hymn of praise to the Great Mystery or Man-i-tou. All these things he understood, and he listened closely to their speakings. Not once did he doubt that in this way, Man-i-tou was telling him of the wonders of the earth and through the voices of these creatures of Nature, he received his education. He was at heart a simple man, a lover of Nature and a man who believed that the Great Mystery was a real being, who, when his life on this earth was completed, would take him up to live in the Great Beyond. A land that would be one continual day of sunshine. Beautiful beyond compare, for was not the Morning Sun the face of Man-i-tou, Himself? Would it not shine each day? Then if it were shining each day, that land would be a place of wondrous beauty and happiness.

So with the coming of We-no-bo-sho to the earth, there began a time of reckoning. All things happened from that day or before that day. We-no-bo-sho was sent by Man-i-tou to teach the Indians how to live. Not only how to hunt and prepare their food, but how to live their lives so that Man-i-tou would look upon them as His children, and would give them all the good things of life. He was to teach the way of the Sky trail, to prepare the pathway that leads to the land of the Setting Sun and to lead his people in the way of peace rather than warfare.

All these things he accomplished, traveling up and down the earth doing all the good deeds he could find time and strength to do. His endurance was great, for there are legends of his deeds that are unbelievable; his journeys were long and tiresome, and yet he was always ready to go wherever he was needed. They say that he had a pair of moccasins with which he could step a mile at each step. His bow was so powerful that his arrows were never found after he had shot one away from him. His mittens were so warm that the coldest wind, Ke-we-din, could never make him beat his hands together to warm them.

In his journeyings, he was careful to keep a record of all the good he had done. This was recorded on a piece of birch bark, wigwas, and was written in the picture writing that he was soon to



give to the Indian. He did not, however, keep the record for his personal use or gain, that would not have pleased Man-i-tou. He was told to keep it so that his people would have the stories to hand down to their children and to their children's children. This has been done for centuries. Not a written word can you find today, of the deeds of We-ne-bo-sho, but the legends that the Indians tell their children are many.

It is said that he builded the land in which his people lived, and that after he had built it, he made a great house or wigwam for them around which he erected a wall to protect them for all time, against their enemies. This, however, is not meant to imply that he made a new country of real land, no more than it means that he builded a real wigwam or a real wall. It means, that We-ne-bo-sho created a land in which there were many new thoughts and ideals, that Man-i-tou had shown him the way to build, into his people's hearts, a new love and ideal. And, having builded this land, he then constructed a wigwam or house that would represent the land that Man-i-tou had made ready for them, the Land of the Setting Sun. The wall that he built around the house was the strength of LOVE and FAITH in the ways and workings of the Great Spirit.

We-ne-bo-sho married a maiden from another tribe, and brought her to live in the wigwam of his grandmother. She was a beautiful maiden and soon won the hearts of every one in the tribe. She made him very happy and Man-i-tou was good to them for he gave them a Son, Wa-bi-ni-mi-ki and four daughters, Ke-we-dino-kwe, Na-wan-da-go-kwe, O-nang-kwe, and Ik-we-ses. Wa-bi-ni-mi-ki was soon lost to them as were the four little girls as you will read in the stories that are printed in this little book.

While on his journeys up and down the land, We-ne-bo-sho taught the children to know all the birds and animals, also the trees and the flowers. It was through his stories and his legends that he did this and all the stories that are given you here are supposed to have come direct from the lips of their great leader. He also told them that it was wrong to take anything that was "Their Brothers'" and if they did, Man-i-tou would surely punish them. If they injured or killed any of Man-i-tou's creatures, unless it was for food, then Man-i-tou would send a famine to the land and all the people would suffer. If they were untrue to their women folks, then Man-i-tou would surely cause that man or boy who was untrue to die. All these things he taught them, and many more.

One day he fought a great fight with a big bear, and because neither could whip the other, the bear made a gift to We-ne-bo-sho of a fine necklace. This necklace held much "medicine" or magic, and with it We-ne-bo-sho could accomplish many great deeds. It appears many times in the legends of the Ojibway and you will want some day to make one like it. So in a later story I will tell you just how it was made. We-ne-bo-sho never used it except for good deeds and neither should you.

He made the first bow and arrow and taught the Indians how to hunt with it. He also made the first fire and taught the Indians how to cook their food, and to keep themselves warm in the winter when Ke-we-din, the North Wind, blew hard and cold over the land. The planting of corn and squashes, beans and pumpkins were all brought to the Indian by this great teacher. He showed them how to catch those who swam in the lakes and rivers and how to cure them so they might have food in the winter. The way to tan hides of the

deer and bison that they killed, so they could have warm clothing, was also one of his kind deeds. If he had not come to the Indian as a great teacher, and had not spent his life in doing all these kind deeds, then the Indian would have long disappeared from the earth. This is the Ojibway way of telling it, and we must believe them for they know this great man far better than we do or ever can.

But one day, after We-ne-bo-sho had spent his entire life in going about the land, teaching his people how to live and be happy, there came a great famine, and his beloved We-no-na was taken from him by the Great Spirit. This was indeed a lasting sorrow for We-ne-bo-sho and he was very sad all the rest of his life. Finally, after he knew that his work was completed, after all the things that Man-i-tou had told him to do, were done, he gave up his teachings and his journeyings and with naught but love in his heart for his people, he sailed away, into the Land of the Setting Sun, and the great leader of the Ojibway Indians, passed on to his reward, which would be a seat at the Great Council Fire of Man-i-tou, where he could sit all day and recount once more his deeds of valor, where he could smoke the Pipe of Peace with the Great Mystery and live over again all the days that he had spent in doing his given tasks.

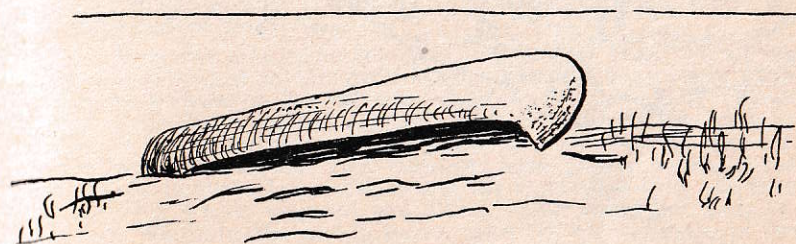
Thus ended a great life. Thus was the passing of We-ne-bo-sho. The Chosen One, the man whom Man-i-tou had sent down to teach the way of the trail. To the land of his Fathers' to the eternal Happy Hunting Ground, where he could meet again with all of Man-i-tou's creatures, and where there would be no more distress or sorrow, where Ke-we-din could never again make the little children suffer in the cold winter, where the enemy could no more fall upon his village and destroy his family.

Into the Land of the Setting Sun

He sailed, in his bark canoe;

His tasks completed, his mission done,

He would rest, with Man-i-tou.







## The Cheater



WE-NE-BO-SHO was returning from a long journey. He had been gone many, many days, and had traveled far. He was tired and hungry, for he had broken his bow and had nothing with which to make a new one. It was late in the Fall and the bow-wood was not to be found in his country during the Mad-Moon. He had gone without meat for five days, and this indeed, was a hardship on him, for most of his food was meat. He needed it in the far north cold country, and he was very sad indeed. As he went along the trail, he came upon a beautiful lake, and there he saw one of his little friends, one who swims on the lake, and a happy thought came to him.

He said, "If I ask this little friend, I know that he will help me, and helping me will make him happy," so he called to the little one and asked him to come in to the shore, as he wanted to talk to him. In swam the little fellow as quickly as he could. We-ne-bo-sho then told him what he wanted. He said, "Would you like to come to the shore tonight, with all your friends and relatives and enjoy a Feast?" The little one was very much pleased and answered, "Surely We-ne-bo-sho, I would be glad to, and I will go right now and tell my people."

We-ne-bo-sho then said to him, "Go out on the waters and tell all your people that I will give a Feast tonight, and that I want them all to come, tell them that I will build a big fire and they will be warm and comfortable, that I will have plenty of wild rice for them to eat and that they can sing and dance as long as they wish to do so."

So the little one swam away quickly. Soon he was among his friends and relatives, telling them of the wonderful time that We-ne-bo-sho had promised them. While he was gone, We-ne-bo-sho busied himself getting ready for the Feast. First he gathered much wild rice, Pag-wat-chi-man-o-min, for there would be many hungry ones there that night, he knew. Then he gathered a great pile of wood, for they would want a fire on such a night as this. After all these tasks were done, he built a wigwam, a great big wigwam, where all could enter and sit by the fire.

Soon from the lake came the calls of many of those whom the little one had invited to the Feast. They came in long lines, some flying, some swimming, but all were eager to get there first. From the lake shore there came long lines of them, each one talking as fast and as loudly as he possibly could, for they were all excited. This was the first time that they had ever been invited by the Great We-ne-bo-sho to share his wigwam and his feast with him. In they came until the whole wigwam was filled, many could not gain entrance, and We-ne-bo-sho had to hurry, with the help of some of the stronger guests and build an addition to his great house.

As they came to the door, there stood We-ne-bo-sho, welcoming each and every one of them, bidding them to enter and enjoy his hospitality. To eat of the wild rice as much as they would, for he said, "You must be very hungry, you have flown and swam a great distance, many of you to get to my Feast and I want you all to have a good time and to eat as much as you can." So they entered and talked and visited among themselves, until all were gathered around the great fire that We-ne-bo-sho had builded.



Then We-ne-bo-sho invited them all to dance the Friendship Dance, and started the drummers and singers to playing. Soon around that wigwam there was such a scene as had never before been witnessed in all that great land. Dancing and singing around the fire were hundreds and thousands of We-ne-bo-sho's feathered friends. And what a good time they all had. First dancing and singing, then eating wild rice and then listening to the stories that We-ne-bo-sho had to tell of the other people whom he had seen on his many, many journeys. So they spent a long and happy evening.

First they danced the Friendship dance, and then, after many askings, they finally prevailed upon one wise old guest, one who had seen many snows come and go, to dance his own Warriors dance. This he did amid the din of voices that arose as he went through his steps, first telling of his long flights to the far southland where Ja-wa-ni-no-din, the south wind, made everyone happy. Then he told a long story of the cold, hard winter, when Ke-we-din caught them all before they could make ready for the southward journey and many of their people had perished in the cold. This brought tears to the eyes of many of the guests, but We-ne-bo-sho soon had them all laughing again, when he invited the Little One to do his dance of the sands.

After much dancing and story telling, We-ne-bo-sho spoke to them and told them that he had a favor to ask. He called their attention to the reasons why Man-i-tou had made them friends to all Indians. He said, "It is known by all of you that Man-i-tou has given you a task to perform, a duty to the Indian, that Man-i-tou expects you to do your task, even as he expects me to do mine. Are there any here who do not know what that task is, and who are not prepared to do it?" No one answered, until the Old One, a wise old leader of a vast tribe, the one who had earlier in the evening danced his Warriors Dance stepped forth and made ready to address those who had gathered around the fire.

"My friends, We-ne-bo-sho is right, Man-i-tou has given to each of us a task. In the beginning, when He made the land and the water, when He placed the lights in the dark sky, when He gave us our first food, He gave us a sacred duty to perform. Unless we do this, we are not children of the great Man-i-tou. This Duty? Simply this: To eat of the sweet roots in the ground along the lake shore, to eat of the meat of the little things that grow in the lake, to eat of the wild rice, so that we may grow fat, that we may multiply many, many times, so that the Indian, our friend may have plenty of food throughout the long cold winter. This is the duty that Man-i-tou told us was ours. It was given to our fathers many, many snows ago, when the first of We-ne-bo-sho's people were sent to our land. Unless we do this, we are not listened to by the Great Mystery, when we ask for plenty of rice, so that our children will not be hungry: we will not be heard when we ask for a safe journey into the land of Ja-wa-ni-no-din, when we ask for a safe return to our homes along the northern waters. I have spoken."

All were silent, waiting for We-ne-bo-sho to again speak to them. This he soon did, saying, "My friends, I have called you here for a reason. I know that Man-i-tou has sent you here for the purpose that the Old One has just stated. I have been without meat for five long days and nights. I am very, very hungry. I thought that if I gave you a feast and gave you of the wild rice that I gathered, that you would be ready to do your duty when I told you that I was hungry. Who will be the first to offer himself to me, so that I may have food for my supper?" No one spoke. All there knew that Man-i-tou had

sent them to the earth to provide food for the Indian, and they all knew that many, many snows before that time, there had been a great conference between the Indian and all the creatures of the forests, the air and the waters, and it was decided that, if the Indian would kill no more than he needed for food and clothing, the animal creatures and the fowls would give their lives willingly and gladly, so that man might not suffer.

But no one answered. So We-ne-bo-sho said, "I am sorry, but never mind, perhaps there are none here who are ready to give up their lives, willingly, so that I may have food. Come! Let us dance again and be merry, but before we dance I have a promise that I would ask of each one, great and small, and I would that each should answer, yes. It is this, that as you dance the good night dance, each of you shall close his eyes and keep them closed until the dance is ended. Will you do so?"

Everyone there was quick to answer that he would do as We-ne-bo-sho had requested. So once more the drummers and singers made haste to start their music. Faster and faster they played, faster and faster went the guests, around and around the fire they danced the good-night dance. And as they danced, We-ne-bo-sho, sitting by the wigwam door, watched, and as the fattest and sleekest of the guests came by he quietly reached forth his hand and grasping him by the neck, brought him to a slowly growing pile, that he placed just outside the door.

All went well, until it came to the fourth and last guest that We-ne-bo-sho would require to remain with him, then he, being right next to the little one, whom We-ne-bo-sho had first told of the Feast, was taken from the dance circle. This excited the curiosity of the Little One and he forgot that he had promised We-ne-bo-sho that he would keep his eyes closed. As he danced away from We-ne-bo-sho he could not help but think that something was wrong. He wondered and finally said to himself, "I wonder what We-ne-bo-sho is up to, I surely felt that Gray one leave the circle, and surely he would not do that without reason. And I had to hurry up, so that I could catch up with the old one, so that the circle might not stay broken, now what do you suppose . . . . .?" Then his curiosity got the best of him, and he opened up one eye to peek. We-ne-bo-sho, watching from the door, saw the fire light as it turned the Little One's eye to red. "Ah, said he," I am sorry, just one, and he the littlest one, had to break his promise; but perhaps it is not so, perhaps I did not see right, I will wait until he comes to the farther side of the fire, then if his other eye be red I will know that he has cheated." So he waited and watched, and sure enough, when the Little One had reached the farther side of the fire, We-ne-bo-sho saw that his other eye was red, as well. So he stopped the drummers and singers, and the dancers all sat down. "Ho," said We-ne-bo-sho, "Do you so soon forget your promises?" They all looked at him in astonishment. For they could not know that one of their number had cheated. "One of you," said We-ne-bo-sho, "One of you has cheated, one of you has forgotten that Man-i-tou does not give good things to those who can not keep their promises. What have you to say?"

Once more the Old One stepped forth and addressed the guests. "It is sorrow and pain that comes to me, to think that one of our people should forget his promise and break his word; never before has this happened and Man-i-tou will surely punish the guilty one, let him who is guilty, step before the fire!"

Out came the Little One, head held high and defiant: "What have



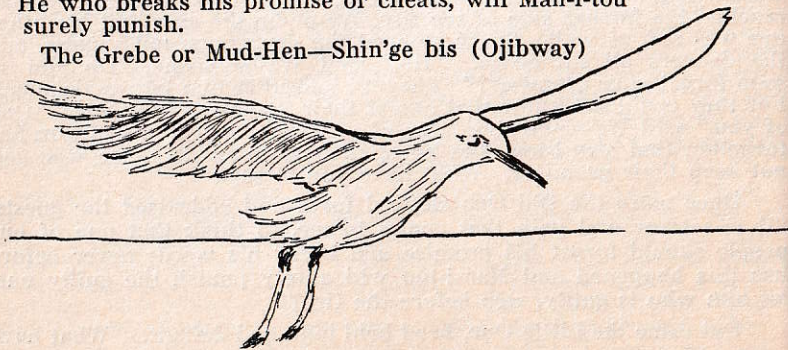
you to say?" the Old One asked. Still looking as if he would like to whip the entire group, the Little One made bold to say, "We-ne-bo-sho should not have brought us here, and then stolen some of us from the dance. He had no right to make us promise to keep our eyes closed and then to take our brothers. I opened my eyes, so that I might see and be able to then tell the Great Spirit that We-ne-bo-sho had killed some of my people, when he should not have done so."

The Old One waited a minute and then spoke, "Little One, you have many things to learn. Heard you not what I said at the fire? That our duty is to provide food for We-ne-bo-sho and his people? Do you not, yourself, know that Man-i-tou has given you a task to perform? Shame, that you alone, of all our people should try to cheat."

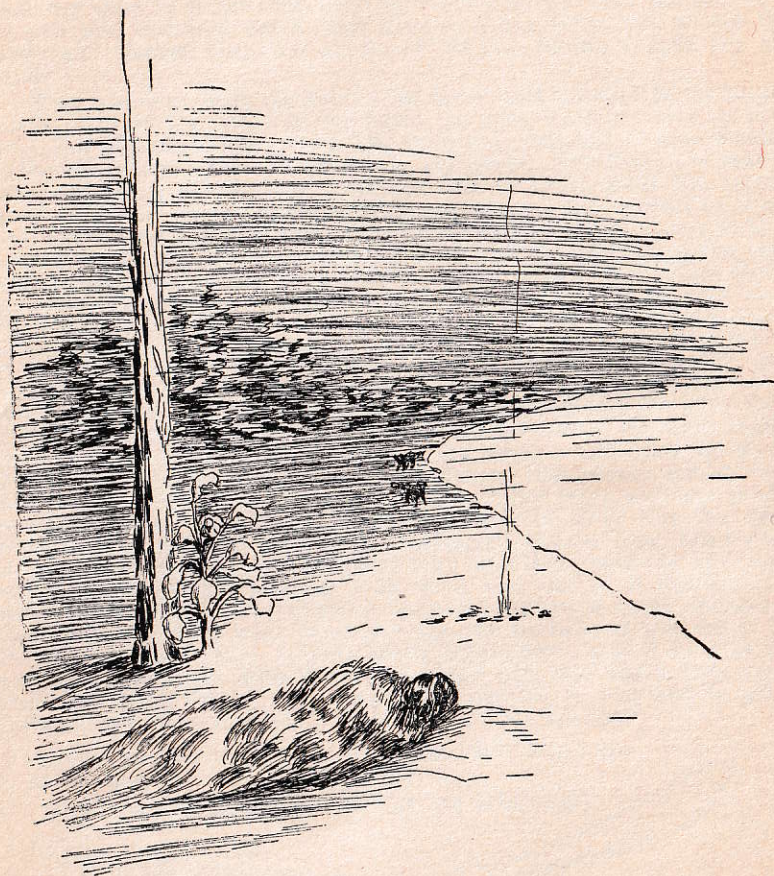
We-ne-bo-sho, with sorrow in his heart had listened to all these words, then as the Old One sat down, he rose from his seat by the door, and addressed his guests, "My brothers, that one of you should do wrong, brings pain and sorrow to my heart. But there are many here who did hold to their promises and to those shall the Great Spirit be kind. He shall give you a great reward and it shall be this. That always your people shall eat of the sweet rice that grows in the lakes and streams, always shall they have a plenty as long as the sun shall last and as long as there shall be water in the lake. They shall have beautiful coats of feathers, and their eyes shall be soft and filled with love. They shall be beautiful, so that men will look upon them and love them. They shall grow fat and multiply many times so that their children and their children's children will cover the face of the earth. All these things shall Man-i-tou give to you. But you, Little One, to you and to your kind shall Man-i-tou give that which will make you ashamed throughout all time. He shall make you to eat from the muddy bottoms of the streams and lakes, he shall give to you red eyes that are not beautiful, so that people seeing you, shall know that the fire has burned into your eyes and has made you ashamed of your deed. Your coat shall be dirty like the mud of which you eat, and your flesh shall smell and be sour, not sweet to the taste as that of your brothers who kept their promise, but rank and foul, and people will not look upon you, but shall disdain you and cast you aside. As you swim upon the waters, if some one draw near, you will hide your head beneath the surface of the water in shame, and shall swim quickly away from there, and if he still be watching when you arise from the water, you will again hide your head and swim away. All things shall happen to you and to your children and their children's children. I have spoken."

He who breaks his promise or cheats, will Man-i-tou surely punish.

The Grebe or Mud-Hen—Shin'ge bis (Ojibway)







## The Little One Who Went to Sleep

Calling through the silent forests,  
Through the forests was he calling,  
Plaintively his song he sang there,  
As he searched for We-ne-bo-sho.

**T**HROUGHOUT the long summer days, We-ne-bo-sho had traveled up and down the land, teaching his people the many things that they would know. Far away across the prairie did he travel, to the land of the old Arrow Maker, far to the Southward went he, to the land of his brothers; so even they, would have knowledge of the things that the Great Ki-gi-Man-i-tou would have them know.

Late in the fall, when the birds had started southward, when the grass had turned brown and the trees had lost their beautiful green robes, in the Moon of The Falling Leaves, We-ne-bo-sho was going along the trail that led towards his home. Coming late one evening to the shore of a very pretty lake, he decided to make his camp there for the night. He was hungry, and tired out with the day's journey, so he silently glided into the thickets of Black Alder that grew along the shore, and stealthily stalked a flock of ducks who were looking for their supper in the shallow waters.

We-ne-bo-sho was a good shot with his bow and arrow, for was not he a mighty hunter? Did he not wear the honors of the greatest hunter among all his people? Soon he returned with three ducks, fat ducks they were, too, and made ready to prepare his supper. Not only his supper, for said he, "This one will I cook quickly over the coals, for I can not wait so long to cook it otherwise; but these two, ah, these two, will I cook in the sand beneath my fire, so that when morning comes, they will be ready for breakfast and dinner." Then he made ready his fire, first he builded a long fire, and now he scraped all the red coals to one side, and dug a deep hole in the hot sand. Going into the forest he secured many leaves from the grape vine, and with these he wrapped his ducks, round and round, until they were in many thicknesses of the fragrant leaves of the grape.

Inside, he also placed much wild rice and herbs, for there would the rice cook and be nourishing, and the herbs would add a succulent flavor to the meat. All was ready and We-ne-bo-sho placed his two ducks in the hole that he had made in the sand, very carefully, so that not one grain of sand might get through the wrapping of grape leaves. Then just as carefully he filled the hole with sand covering both the ducks until just the leg bones showed above the sand.

Then, with a stick he raked the hot coals back over the sand and his ducks were on their way to become a very good meal. As he was busily doing all this, and cooking his third duck over the fire, he was being watched by a little feathered brother from a near-by small tree. Closely did the little fellow watch every move that We-ne-bo-sho made, just as if he were being given a private lesson in cooking. But We-ne-bo-sho did not see him, for he was so busy preparing his supper that he could not stop, or if he did see him, he gave no thought to him at all and did not even look up to where he was sitting in the tree.

Soon, his supper ready, he ate and rested by the fire. While he sat there a thought came that bothered him. He had not taken time



to think about what would become of his two ducks that were cooking in the sand, after he would be asleep! ! ! But now, it came to him, that should he close his eyes in sleep, even for just a moment, from the forest would come those who would steal his breakfast and his dinner. Wa-gosh, the Fox, he was the one who would take great joy in stealing We-ne-bo-sho's food. What was he to do? "Surely," said he to himself, "I can not remain awake all the night, for I have many miles to travel along the trail tomorrow. For, with good luck, I will arrive at my wigwam by nightfall, and I will there see my family." So for a long time he pondered. Sitting there by the fire, trying to scheme out a way in which he could get some sleep and still be certain that the Foxes would not come and steal his food.

"We-ne-bo-sho, We-ne-bo-sho," the call came from the tree. Such a pretty little whistle, it sounded as if the little feathered friend was really calling his name. And then a burst of melody, such as We-ne-bo-sho had never heard before in all his travels. "We-ne-bo-sho, We-ne-bo-sho," again the musical call came to him from the near-by tree. He looked up, and there he saw his little friend, sitting on a small limb of the tree, close to the ground. "Did you call me, little brother?" asked We-ne-bo-sho.

"Yes, We-ne-bo-sho, I called you. I saw you sitting there, so lonely, gazing into your fire as if you were troubled. What is the matter? Have you bad news? Have you a sorrow that you would tell to a friend, that it might lighten the load?"

"No," We-ne-bo-sho replied, "I have no sorrow, but I am indeed in trouble."

"Tell me, and perhaps I can help," said he in the tree.

"I will do that," and then We-ne-bo-sho told him about what he had thought. How he had shot the three ducks, one for supper, to be cooked over the coals, the other two to be roasted in the sand, so that they might be ready in the morning, one for breakfast and the other for his dinner, as he sped along the trail towards his home. For long he talked, telling what he had thought and how he had decided that he must stay awake all night to watch his ducks.

"No, We-ne-bo-sho, you need not remain awake all night," said the little one. See, I will sit right here in this tree all through the long night, I will not sleep, for I have slept most of the day, because it has been raining and I could not fly around much. Here will I sit, right here on this branch and I will watch your ducks for you. I promise you, that should the Foxes come I will call you, even as I did a short time ago, when you heard me and talked to me. Wrap yourself in your big bear-skin robe and sleep, you need not fear the sly old Wa-gosh, for he can not come to the fire without my seeing him."

Thus did the little one promise We-ne-bo-sho that he would guard his food for him, and call him if the Foxes should come in the night to steal it away. We-ne-bo-sho was not so sure that the little one would remain awake all night so he asked him again, "Will you be sure to hear them if they come? It is a long time until morning, and the hours that come, just before the sunrise are the hard hours, for it is then that the Evil Spirits come to tempt us and to take away our minds, are you sure that you can do this, that you have promised?"

"Oh, yes, We-ne-bo-sho, I can do this for you, for as I have said, I am not sleepy one little bit, for I have slept most of the day. Do not fear, I will watch for you and if they come, those sly Foxes, I

will call you as I did awhile ago, hear me, 'We-ne-bo-sho, We-ne-bo-sho'"—and once more that beautiful call sounded over the lake and forest.

We-ne-bo-sho was content, and wrapping himself in his big robe he lay down by the fire, just outside the circle of light that it spread, back in the shadows where no one could see him and went soundly to sleep. My, how he did sleep, for he was very tired from his long trip.

Quietly and with much stopping and listening, there came forward toward the fire, those sly thieves of the forest, Wa-gosh and his brother. Quickly they searched the sands and the camp, then deciding that all was safe, and that We-ne-bo-sho and the little one were both fast asleep, they came to the fire and hurriedly dug up the two ducks that were roasting in the sands. For had they not watched from the forest? Had they not seen right where We-ne-bo-sho had placed his food? This indeed, would be a good joke on We-ne-bo-sho! For many days had they waited for just this chance. We-ne-bo-sho, the wise, We-ne-bo-sho, the shrewd, how they would laugh in the morning when he looked for his food and did not find it.

Yes, you have guessed it! During the night it snowed, and the ground was all covered with it by morning, snowed hard and fast, so that it lay deep in the valleys and on the hillsides. And the little one who had promised to stay awake all the night through and to call We-ne-bo-sho, if the Foxes came? Oh, he, too, went to sleep. The snow had made a warm blanket for him, it had covered him all over, on his head there was a big drift, and it was so heavy that his little neck could not hold it up and slowly his head was pushed down and down, until it was almost hidden in the feathers of his breast. Then another big drift settled upon his back and shoulders and he was nearly all covered. It made him warm and sleepy, too, so that soon, try as he might, he could no longer keep his eyes open, and he went to sleep, forgetting that he had made a promise, and that he had a duty to perform.

And it was then, that the sly Wa-gosh and his brother came from the forest and stole the food of We-ne-bo-sho. But they had one little joke left to play. They stole all the food except the leg bone of the two ducks, and these they placed in the sand, just as We-ne-bo-sho had placed them. "For," said they, "when We-ne-bo-sho awakes and sees them right here where he left them, he will think that all is well and will not know they are gone until he comes to get his breakfast, then won't he be surprised! ! !"

Morning came, and We-ne-bo-sho awoke. Quickly he threw aside his robe and running to the lake, he plunged in for his morning bath. Each day, upon arising, he bathed himself and made himself clean. Then he returned to the fire and made ready to get his meal. "My, he said, 'I surely will have a good breakfast this morning.'" And he went then to where the ducks were roasting in the fire???? Quickly he dug where he had placed them. Then he took hold of the leg bone of the first little duck!!! Up it came without a duck on the other end. Well, Well," said he, "these ducks are surely done, see, they have come apart there in the leg joint, that shows that I made a good job of cooking this time."

And once more he dug and carefully scraped the sand away. But no duck did he find. For a moment he thought, then he looked up at the tree where sat his little feathered brother. Yes, there he was, wide awake and watching very carefully every move that was made.



Again he dug, where he had placed the second duck, again he pulled the leg bone out and carefully scraped away the sand. BUT NO DUCKS WERE THERE!!! What could have happened? Quickly, then he looked around for signs that would tell him the story. Ah, yes, there was a story in the snow, almost blotted out, but his trained eye could easily make out the tracks and read the story that they had to tell, and it was a real story, too, he could read it as easily as you can read your books.

He saw where the Foxes had come from the forest, where they had sat and watched him as he prepared his fire and placed his ducks in the sand; where they had crept closer to the fire and sat down to wait until it was safe to come close. All this he read in the tracks in the snow. Then, going back to his fire, he called to the little one in the tree. "My brother, did you see anyone here during the night? Did you hear any strange sounds while you watched from your tree?"

"No, We-ne-bo-sho, I saw nor heard no one. What is the trouble, are your ducks not there in the sand? Can you not find them?"

"No, they are not here," answered We-ne-bo-sho, "and you know that they are not, for you have watched me digging for them. What have you to say?"

"Well, perhaps you have not dug in the right place," replied the little fellow, but there was that in his voice which told as plainly as if he had spoken it, that HE knew and that HE was the one who would have to answer.

"Are you sure that you did not sleep last night, little brother?" asked We-ne-bo-sho.

"No," We-ne-bo-sho, I did not sleep at all. Perhaps I was a bit sleepy, but I am sure I did not close my eyes all night." We-ne-bo-sho looked at him for a moment in silence, then, pointing his fingers at him he said.

"Why do you tell me that, which is not true, for see, I can tell you what has happened, even though I did sleep all night. See, here is where the sly old Wa-gosh and his brother came from the forest, here is where they sat and watched as I worked, here is where they came to the fire, and I can see, even though they replaced it so carefully, where they dug the sand out and stole my ducks. Shame on you, you are not telling me the truth. Even I can see that you are hiding your head; did you not sleep last night?"

"Yes, We-ne-bo-sho, for just a little moment, I closed my eyes, but I am sure that I did not sleep. It snowed, and the snow covered me all over as you can see, I grew warm and the snow blanket made me drowsy, and I guess I should have called you then, but I was sure that I would not sleep. I am very sorry, We-ne-bo-sho."

"Yes, you are sorry now, but what of me and my food?" What will I have to do now for my food? Last night you promised me, without my asking you to do so, that you would keep awake and watch my food for me; that you would call me if anyone came to take it; you made the offer to me, even before I hardly knew that you were here; you were very quick to promise, but you were also very quick to forget your promise.

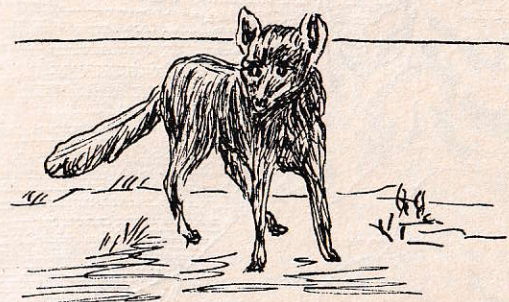
"You sat there in that small tree and called me, 'We-ne-bo-sho, We-ne-bo-sho'; called until I looked up, you then also sang a very fine song; all your people have sung this song for many generations; but now it shall be changed. See, I will give to you and to your

people for all time to come, a new song; always and forever you shall sit in small trees, even as you were when I first saw you, and as you are now sitting, always and forever shall you build your nests in these small trees; so that when the Foxes are again hungry, they may find YOU. Always shall it be so, and you and your people, for all time to come, shall have but one song and you will sit in small trees and sing it over and over again: 'We-ne-bo-sho, We-ne-bo-sho, We-ne-bo-sho.' I have spoken."

Be not hasty in making promises that you are not sure you can keep.

Jas-haw-wan-ibisi—The White Crowned Sparrow.

(Note)—The call is a plaintive whistle, in a small minor key and sounds very much as if the little bird were calling We-ne-bo-sho.







## He Who Sat Too Long In the Sun

**M**ANY generations ago, so the old story tellers inform us, there lived in the Northland, one of the forest creatures, who was not as he is now. He was given to roam the forest without fear of being looked upon as food for those who eat the meat of their brothers. He was happy and gay, loved by all who knew him and his life was pleasant. In the beginning the great Elder Brother had given him a long bushy tail, of which he was very proud. Much like that of Wa-gosh, the Fox, was his tail. Even more beautiful than the tail of Ad-ji-dau'mo, the red squirrel.

But he was given to bragging about it, and making much fuss over it. Wherever he journeyed he boasted of his wonderful robe that had been given to him, and of the fine trimmings that had been placed upon it by the hand of the Elder Brother. So, he soon made many enemies among those who lived in the forest. They did not like a braggart, for they were an humble people, living a simple life, even as the Great Spirit that ruled their lives and the lives of the men beings, had given them instructions to do.

The Elder Brother had cautioned him many, many times, not to be so boastful, not to hold it over those who were not clothed as beautifully as he, but he did not heed. Finally the Elder Brother sent one of the forest children to warn him. Came one day, into his wigwam, the Fox, and seating himself by the fire he said, "My friend, the Elder Brother, who has given us all homes, who has befriended all the children of the forest, who has ordained that each shall live his own life and not to prey on those who are his brothers, he it is who has sent me to your wigwam."

"And why does the Elder Brother want to send you to my wigwam?" asked the Proud One. "What are his wishes, what is his message to me? Can it be possible that he will again give unto me a more beautiful garment than I now have? Will you not tell me quickly, so that I may go forth and show it to my brothers?" You see, he was still thinking about the many good things that had been given to him, and was still looking for more. But he who came to visit him, at the command of the Elder Brother, was in no hurry to tell him what had been told to him. No, he would first eat and rest, then, after he had rested would he give him the message. For this is the first law of the wigwam, when a friend comes to you see that he has food; if he be tired from his journey, give him your sleeping place beside the fire, and if he need water, do you go to the spring and fetch it for him. This is the law as given to the people by the Great We-ne-bo-sho.

But the Proud One cared not much for laws, for he was fast becoming his own law maker. Was he not blessed with a great speed, for he could outrun even the swiftest of the forest beings. In all their races had he not bested them? Surely he need have no fear that they could punish him, for they could not catch him. So he insisted that Wa-gosh tell him the message, even before he had offered food.

Then Wa-gosh, lost his patience and with scorn in his voice he told the Proud One, that which the Elder Brother had bidden him tell. "See," said he, "You are going about the land, boasting of your wonderful costume, boasting that you are the best dressed of all our people; you are proud and you are haughty, you are thinking, perhaps, that none are as good or as fine as you. The Elder Brother is



not pleased with you and your fine ways. He has warned you before this that you should not be so. Now he has sent me to tell you, that, unless you stop your boasting and your bragging, that he will surely punish you. I have spoken as the Elder Brother has bidden me to speak."

But the Proud One only laughed. "Ah-ha, don't you worry, Wa-gosh, I am not to be fooled by these words. You are only jealous of my fine tail, because it is much more beautiful than yours. Go and tell the Elder Brother that I am not afraid that he will take from me, that, which he has already said was to be mine. I know that he would not take back that of which he has already made a gift, and our people all know it is the law."

Wa-gosh, shaking his head at the foolish words, left the wigwam and departed upon his way. The Proud One, sat before his fire and laughed at the words that Wa-gosh had brought. Did he not know that sly old Wa-gosh? Did he not know that it was only one of his tricks, just to get the Proud One to stop talking about his fine costume, so the people would take notice of the one that Wa-gosh wore? Oh, he was the wise one, was the Proud One. No one could fool him. He would go on and on talking about his fine clothes just as long as the people would listen.

The long, cold winter was coming upon the land, soon Ke-we-din would shut the doors to the water spirits, soon would he close the trails that lead to the lakes and rivers, and hold all the land in his cruel, strong embrace. Then would come suffering upon the little people of the forest. No longer would they be able to find food, no longer would they be able to gather in the sunlight and hold council together. For the days would be short, food would be scarce and each would have to seek a warm place in which to hide away until the south wind should come again.

Many were already leaving their summer homes and following the trails that led to warmer and pleasanter hunting grounds. The men beings were all building their winter wigwams and were busy gathering great loads of fuel and piling it up outside their villages where it would be ready for the winter days. The women had finished gathering in the maize and the squashes, and all were hard at work, curing the meat that the hunters had brought in from the fall hunt.

One morning as the Proud One awoke, he was surprised to find that the land was all covered with snow. Many feet deep had it piled up along the forest edge. The cedars were almost lost in the deep drifts. The little ones who burrowed in the ground were all under many feet of the thick whiteness. He had to dig for many hours, before he came out into the forest. What a surprise awaited him there. It was still snowing, Ke-we-din was indeed showing the people that he could come upon them and make them hide away. Great breaths was he breathing upon the land, and with each great breath, the whiteness increased until the Proud One could not see the trees, until it was dark and the land looked as if night had fallen.

No one could go out in all that thick whiteness and find food, so the Proud One went back into his burrow and sat down to wait. His woman and his three sons were there, waiting for his return, waiting to hear the news of the outside world. Quickly he told them all he had seen. Told them that they must wait until Ke-we-din had stopped his blowing and his bragging, and then they would once more go and find food. For days they had to remain in their wigwam beneath the ground. Each morning the Proud One went to the

top of the long hole he had dug, each morning he had to dig farther along, before he could find the open sky. Each morning he found that Ke-we-din was still blowing and puffing great breaths into the sky and that the air was full of the steam and whiteness of his breath.

On the tenth morning, when those of his family were suffering with great hunger, for they had not stored up much food for the winter, the Proud One came to the top of his long burrow and found that Ke-we-din had grown tired of his game and was resting. The cold wind was still blowing with great force along the trail, but the Old Cruel Northwind had turned his face away and no longer did his breath turn the air to whiteness. But it was too cold to go about the forest in search of food. Back into his wigwam he went and sat before the doorway listening to the howl of the wind. The following morning the sun was shining brightly when he arrived at the top of his long burrow, and he hastened back into the wigwam to fetch his sons, that they too, might go forth in search of food, and bring home a supply that would last them for days, should Ke-we-din again come upon them.

Out into the snow they went, each going his own way, looking here and there among the forest trees, for some little bit of food. One little son went along the trail towards the deep forest, where he had remembered seeing some very nice Mee-nah-ga or Blue Berry plants growing, and he knew that there were still some berries left upon the stalks. If he could only get these sweet, dried berries, they would have food for many days. Another of the sons went along the little brook, he too, had seen some very nice things growing there, far back in the forest, in the little open spot, where the sun had shone warm all summer, there, grew a few stalks of Maoda'min of Indian corn, perhaps lost from the carrying basket of some Indian woman. If he could only get a few kernels of this wonderful food, his people would have no fear of hunger for many days. So off he went, running fast in the cold, his feet never sinking in the snow, for it had frozen over, and the icy crust was hard enough to hold him up.

The third and last of the brothers went up along the foot of the high bluffs, where he had played so many times in the summer. For there he knew that Bemah'gut, the grape vine, had builded his wigwam all over the side of the cliff. There would be many of his children still living in the wigwam for he had not seen any of the men beings women gathering them in their big wigwas, or birch-bark baskets. So in that direction he went as fast as his feet could carry him.

But the Proud One, he who was the boaster, he would go along the lake, he would go where, perhaps there would be others in search of food. For the wily old Wa-gosh would be stalking among the little depressions along the lake shore looking for food. That way would he go, so that if he chanced to see any of the forest dwellers, he might talk with them and perhaps call their attention to his wonderful new costume that had come to him with the coming of the cold. For, it had changed in its color. Once a beautiful gray, it was now a pure white, as if the snow or breath from Old Ke-we-din had settled there and frozen fast. Surely, there would be some one there who would see this fine new costume and admire it.

So away he went in that direction. Each of the sons had found the food for which they were searching, and each had hurried back to the wigwam with all that he could carry. All day long they worked, piling up a great store of food against the long cold days that might come. Back again they went, trip after trip they made and soon they



had food aplenty. But the old Proud One he was not thinking so much of food as he was of those who might be about, and who would see him in his new costume. Slowly he went, here and there, nibbling from this small branch, picking at this little bit of food until he came to the place where Wa-dop, the Alder, had made his home. Here he sat for a long time nibbling of the sweet bark that covered Wa-dop from head to foot. Along the trail came Wa-gosh. He too, was looking for his dinner, and no sooner had the Proud One spied him, than he began to brag and boast about his fine costume. But Wa-gosh had not time to listen, for he knew that, even though the sun was shining bright and warm now, it would soon go behind the sky and the cold wind would make all the creatures suffer.

He traveled on his way, leaving the Proud One to sit alone in the Alder thicket and boast to the sleeping Wa-dop. The sun was warm, and there by the thicket, where the wind could not reach him, the Proud One grew warmer and warmer and soon he was drowsy and sleepy. It had been a long trip, he was tired and out of sorts, for there had been no one to whom he could talk. The sun had shone down so warm that it had softened the snow where he sat, and it was forming a little pool underneath him. But he did not mind, for he was fast asleep. For a long time he sat there, and as he thumped his feet, dreamed that he was once more standing before his people and telling them all about his fine costume. The snow water was slowly gathering in the little hole beneath him, until it nearly covered his tail. All the fine tip and way back to his body it was covered with the soft, slushy snow and water. Just a little bit of a stub remained dry and above the water.

Long he slept, and Ke-we-din peeping out from his hiding place saw the Proud One there, and hastening to the Elder Brother, he told him what he had seen. Then the Elder Brother said to Ke-we-din, "Now is my chance to punish him for his boasting. For a long time I have waited to catch him, many times have I warned him to cease his boasting, but he would not listen, now shall he be made to heed my warnings.

"Do you, Ke-we-din, blow fiercely, and cause the sun to hide behind the sky, and when you blow your breath, make it a very cold breath, make it go quickly and grip in your strong hands all the soft snow and the water that Ke-sus, the Sun, has made this day. Go, and catch the Proud One while he sleeps, hold him fast in his place, so that when he wakes, he shall be held there by the home of Wa-dop, the Alder, go quickly.

Then Ke-we-din blew a big breath, long and hard he blew, and wherever there was moisture it was held fast in his strong grip. Poor Proud One, there he sat through it all and never moved. Through it all he dreamed that he was again in the Council and making Big Talk to his people. But he shivered, burr-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r it was getting cold, he awoke with a start. "Why," said he, "it is almost dark, how long I must have sat here, I did not think that I had even closed my eyes; I thought that I was in the Council talking to my people; now must I hurry to my wigwam, and as yet I have secured nothing to return with. The good woman will surely scold me this day; I don't suppose those lazy sons of mine have brought home one thing to eat; they never do, the boasters. Well, I must be on my way." And then he was surprised. Vainly did he try to rise from the ground, but old Ke-we-din had done a good job. He could not budge. Hard did he try, but the grip on his fine tail would not

loose. In his fright he called upon the Elder Brother to come and help him.

"Oh, my Elder Brother," cried he, "Oh, come and help me to free myself. I cannot remain here all through the night, for I will be as cold and stiff by morning as are these Alders. Come! ! ! Come and help me to free my beautiful tail that you have given me. Surely you do not wish me to lose it. Ke-we-din has it in his most powerful grip and I can not get it away from him. Will you not come to my aid?"

The Elder Brother laughed and said, "Proud One, now you may call upon me, but you are not going to have any help from me this time. How many times have I warned you not to boast about your fine things? How many times have I told you that the costume did not make the warrior, but that the warrior made the costume?" Now, let me see how much you can boast about getting away from Ke-we-din and what you will have to say when you do get free?"

With many jerks and much effort he finally did get the tip end of his tail loose, but up near where it fastened onto his robe it would not come free. Long and hard he pulled, and then he became frightened. "Why," he thought, "If I must remain here I will surely be dead before the morning sun comes to thaw out this ice, and perhaps the sun will not come tomorrow, how do I know that he will or will not?" I must work harder." Then he started to jump and jerk as he never had done in all his life, frightened and trembling he worked until the water dripped from the tip of his nose and he had to make the muscles at the end and top of his nose, work up and down very fast, indeed, to keep the sweat from running inside him and taking his breath away. Harder and harder did he jerk, and when he had almost given up hope of ever freeing himself, Old Ke-we-din did let go, but not as the Proud One would have asked. Not he, he still kept his hold on the fine tail. He had gripped it so hard, that it broke off, right up close to where it was fastened on and the Proud One was tumbled over in the snow and rolled away down the lake shore. Never did he stop, up he jumped and away he ran as fast as his feet could carry him, until he came to the long burrow that led to his wigwam. Down it he dashed like all the evil spirits in the world were after him. With a thump, he landed almost in the fire, and hastily sitting up, he looked around to see if all his sons had returned. There they were, quietly chewing on some Indian corn that one of them had brought home. He saw still more, he saw what a great pile of food had been gathered by them and he almost fell over backward. But he caught himself in time and immediately he began to boast of how he had found so much food, that the had called all the people to him, to see what he had done for them. He also boasted about what he had told them about his fine new costume.

But his good woman and the three boys, they saw through him, they knew him of old and with many a sly wink to each other, they listened to him patiently. Soon, however, he ceased talking and asked for food. His woman brought him some corn and berries and with these he made his evening meal. When he arose to fetch his blanket so that he would be warmer, his sons saw what had happened to him. Now, it is not right that children should laugh at their elders, but he was such a funny sight with his short tail, that even his good woman was forced to smile a little at him.

Turning quickly towards his sons he asked, "How is this, that you laugh and make fun of your father? No good son would do so.



What is there so entertaining that you are made to laugh?" The sons were somewhat abashed, but they managed to keep their faces straight while the eldest made reply. "Oh, father, could you but see! ! ! Could you but turn your face backwards and see what has happened! ! ! Surely, you have been made to look ridiculous in the eyes of your people. It must be that the words of Wa-gosh, the Fox, have come true, for did he not say that the Elder Brother would make you to be sorry for your boasting, and see, now he has removed, that which you once held so proudly above all your people! ! !"

Then and then only, did the Proud One look behind him, and he was sorely grieved at that which he saw. There where once had so magnificently rested his fine tail, that tail which was even more handsome than that on Wa-gosh, the Fox, was but a poor little stub, a weak little bit of fur, with hardly any shape, hanging on, as if it were afraid it would be lost. All his fine costume ruined, because he had stopped once too often to brag and to boast about the fine clothes he wore and the fine things that he had.

And to this day, he has gone about the forests, hopping about, with uncertain steps, his great speed now surpassed by that of Wa-gosh, the Fox, and many others of the forest children. No longer does he hold up his fine tail, but as he hops along he sits on it as if he were ashamed to have his brothers see him in his new costume.

"To brag and to boast, to hold it over your brother, is to invoke the wrath of the Elder Brother upon your head."

Wa-bas'-so—The Rabbit of the North.







## The Little White Flower

When the sun has journeyed southward,  
Journeyed southward in the Heavens  
To the land of Ja-wa-no-din;  
Then the ground with snow is covered,  
And the rivers are all frozen;  
Then, the wigwam fires are builded  
So that we may keep Ke-we-din  
Fierce North-wind, outside our shelters  
That our children may not suffer.

**T**HE LONG cold winter was upon the Ojibway, many days had they sat before their wigwam fires and many days had the little children suffered from the cold. Came a day when We-ne-bo-sho entered the village and seeking the wigwam of the oldest sachem of the tribe, he turned aside the door flap and entered. As was the custom he was given the honored seat in the wigwam, that on the far side of the fire, from the door.

The evening meal was being served and he was invited to partake of the food. Long had been the winter and food was not plentiful, but such as they had, was always shared by the Ojibway with their guests. Long into the night, these two, We-ne-bo-sho and the Old Sachem held Council. Many were the deeds of bravery they recounted. Many were the tales of long cold winters, of happy days of summer, of hunting and of fishing and of war parties that were told around the fire. The fire burned low, and soon all were wrapped in their warm fur robes and deep in slumber.

When morning came, We-ne-bo-sho, making ready his departure, stopped before the doorway and bade the Old Sachem listen closely to what he would say to him. And this, is the council that he gave, that day to the Old Man:

"My Father, as you sit before your wigwam fire, as you sit here in your wigwam, listen to the voices of those, who will come to you. For there shall come to you, when the Southwind, Ja-wa-ni-no-din shall once more turn his face towards our wigwams, those who will give you a sign or a token that shall be for all my people."

Seated in his wigwam, day after day, the Old Sachem thought many, many times of the words of We-ne-bo-sho. One morning, while he was thus dreaming before his fire, he turned aside the door flap, and across the valley, on the hill side he saw a sight that filled his eyes with wonder and his heart with awe and fear. For there, on the hill-side, where nothing had been before, stood a snow white wigwam, beautiful beyond compare, and seated before a small fire, much like his, he saw an aged Indian, clothed in a pure white buckskin suit, with long white hair, reaching nearly to the ground.

As he gazed upon this sight, the Old Sachem heard the voice of the stranger as he spoke to some one inside the wigwam. First came a low murmur of voices and then clear and musical came the voice of a maiden. She, it was, to whom the old man had called, and as the Sachem watched, he saw the curtains in the wigwam part, and a maiden, stood there, dressed in a long gown of green, her



hair parted and in two braids that hung over her breast and into the braids were twined bits of white, that looked like stars.

The old man spoke to the maiden and his words rolled across the valley like the voice of the Storm Spirit. "Daughter, bring me the pipe, the calumet, that I may smoke and when the smoke has warmed my tongue, that I may speak words of wisdom, so that those who listen may know who I am and what I am able to do."

The daughter did as she was bidden, and placing the calumet in the hands of the old man, she brought a coal from the fire and lighted the pipe for him. Slowly he drew upon the fragrant "Kin-ik-nik" and when he had smoked for a short space, he laid aside the pipe and rising before the fire, he spread his arms wide, and blew his breath, and it was as if a tempest had struck the valley. Trees bowed down their heads, snow flew before the gale, and the wigwam of the Old Sachem swayed and shivered in the force of the breath.

Then to the ears of the Sachem came these words, like the voice of the Thunder Spirit; "See, Daughter, who am I? Who am I? I am the mighty Ke-we-din! I am most powerful! See, when I go about the land, even the waters hide away from my sight! They hide away and their spirits are held fast in my grip! When I go forth! yes, even the trees lose their robes, and stand naked before me, and the people of the land, close their wigwam doors to me! I am Ke-we-din, the most powerful!"

The daughter made answer to him and the Old Sachem heard the words from her lips as if a sweet voiced bird were singing in the tree near by:

"Yes, Father you are powerful, and the lakes and streams do hide away from you, but listen, when I go forth, they all return again, their spirits come out and they leap and play along the trail. Yes, when I go forth, the trees again wear their robes of green, even as I, and the people open the doors to their wigwams and are happy."

Again the Old Man spoke. "Yes, daughter, but when I go forth, I cause the birds to flee before me, the children of the forest hide away in the far off land of my enemy, Ja-wa-ni-no-din! The old men and women of the villages, wrap themselves in many robes of fur and huddle close to their small fires! Even the voices of the children are hushed in fear! The birds go, the trees lose their robes, all the forest creatures are hiding away and I stride among them in all my glory!"

"Yes, Father, but when I go forth, I bring happiness upon the land, the birds all return to their homes, the trees are again in full costume, all the children of the forest come from their hiding places and play in the streams and along the shores of the lakes; the old men and women, once more go about the villages and are contented to sit in the shady places; they no longer need their small fires; you can then hear the voices of the little children at play. All these do I bring, when I go forth."

And as the Old Sachem watched and listened, he saw that as the old man in the white wigwam talked and boasted, he grew smaller and smaller and a trickle of water ran from his long white hair. Once more the old man boasted, "Daughter, listen to me! I am most powerful! For I can cause even the young men and women to hide away in their wigwams, I cause the trees to split in twain, the young men no longer send their canoes up and down the streams, the women can no longer work in the fields, yes, I am powerful, for when I go forth all these things come to the people!"

"Ah, but Father, when I go forth, the work again begins, the world is once more happy, and the people are glad." Watching from his wigwam, as the maiden spoke, the Old Sachem was surprised to see the little trickle of water, grow stronger. Slowly it ran from the old man's white hair, slowly it made its way underneath the skin walls of the wigwam and down the hillside toward the creek. Leaving in its wake, a black path, like that of the low lands along the lake. The old man too, became much smaller, and his voice was growing fainter and fainter as he made his boasts. Finally, in a last great effort to once more assert his powers and his ability, he addressed his daughter, "When I go forth, see, there are no birds in the trees, there are no young men on the lake, the women are gone from the fields, the little children are no longer playing about the village, the old men huddle close to their small fires, I hold the lakes and streams in my mighty grip, and . . . ." but a change was swiftly coming over the far hill, no longer was the old man there, his voice, which had been growing weaker each moment, failed at last, and when next the Old Sachem looked, he no longer saw him at his fire, in his place there was but a black spot on the snow. For where once had stood a fine wigwam and a great man, was naught but a mound of snow. Even that was rapidly going, and the little black path had grown to a larger path, down, down, it went until it had reached the brook, and there it spread out over the ice until it had made a great black patch upon it.

The maiden once more spoke to the old man, "Father, you are all that you say, even more powerful some times than you boast, but you can do no more than I, for see, even now as I step forth from the wigwam, the streams and lakes are breaking your hold." And looking toward the lake, the Old Sachem saw that this was true. Where once had been all ice and snow, now the ice had gone, the young men were already preparing their canoes for the sailing.

"Yes, Father, they are breaking the grip of your fingers on them, see, the women are coming and making ready for the planting, the little birds are again singing in the tree tops, and from the southland come the children of the forest, whom you had driven away."

True, indeed, as the Old Sachem looked that way, he saw all these things. There were the women with their tools for working the soil. There were the birds, he could hear their great song of joy and gladness, there were the little children's voices, ringing gladly and free as they played in the valley below, and the young lovers were shyly gathering at the time aged trysting place near the spring.

Once more the maiden spoke, but this time, not to the old man who had boasted, but to the Old Sachem who had been listening and watching:

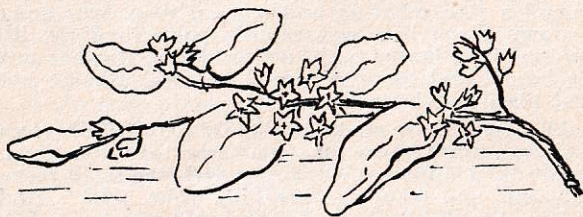
"Sachem, I know that you have seen and heard all that has taken place in our wigwam. It was meant that you should, for has not the Great Man-i-tou given all of us our places in the world? We-ne-ta-sho came and sat by your fire, and when he departed, told you that a sign or token would be given you so that you might know the coming of the warm days. That your people, for all time, might be able to tell when Ke-we-din, the cruel north wind, was losing his power over the land."

"See, this is the sign, and even as it is given you, so must you always seek for it." And the Old Sachem saw, that even as the maiden spoke, she was slowly moving towards the forest, and as she walked, she knelt at each step and her fingers touched the ground. Still watching her as she made her way along the side of the hill,



the Sachem saw, that wherever she had touched the ground, there, a small white flower was peeping forth from the leaves.

Once more the maiden's voice came to him. "Sachem, see where I have knelt and touched the earth? There is the sign, there is that which Man-i-tou has given you. See, it comes forth, even before the snow has left the hillsides. It comes to you, so that you may know that Man-i-tou will soon send the warm days. And remember, Sachem, that even as I have planted it, on bended knee, so must you always pick it. Man-i-tou has decreed, that this little token shall always grow closely to the earth, which gives it life, that it shall cling to Mother Earth with all its might, and that it shall come early, even before the leaves have called to the sunlight, even before the grasses have been warmed by our great grandfather, the Sun. And as you pick it on bended knee, remember that Man-i-tou has given it to you, and that we should always bow before Him, even as we do when we pick this little white flower, the flower of the Ojibway, the Trailing Arbutus.







## He Who Sits on Dead Trees

**W**E-NE-BO-SHO had been away a long, long time, he was searching for his son, who was lost, and who, he was afraid would never be seen again. It happened this way. Wa-bi-ni-mi-ki, the son, one day started out to catch some fish for the winter curing, and taking his canoe he paddled away, down the Bad River. Bidding his mother and sisters good-bye he went happily on his way. After paddling and fishing for some time, he pulled his canoe to the bank to eat his lunch.

Soon he started out again, and had not gone far when he came to the swift rapids. Many times before this, he had shot his canoe down these same swift waters, and what fun it had been to go gliding along, with the speed of an arrow, without even a touch of the paddle to help him along. "Surely," said he, "I can go down the rapids this morning, for I have done it so often." And away he went, but there was a Bad Spirit in the waters this morning. A storm had left in the stream some branches, and this, Wa-bi-ni-mi-ki did not know. It was lying right in the path that he must take; it did not show itself above the water, but the sharp snags were there, waiting for the frail canoe to come along and tear its heart out on the waiting points.

Happy and carefree, without a thought, except the many fishes that he would take home to his mother, Wa-bi-ni-mi-ki almost flew along the river, when without a bit of warning the canoe caught on the old tree trunk and was ripped into shreds. Wa-bi-ni-mi-ki was thrown from the canoe and carried away in the swift water. Just below was the worst place in the rapids, a spot filled with sharp and jagged stones, into this Wa-bi-ni-mi-ki was swept, with great speed. There he struck his head on a sharp stone, and the Great Water Spirit came and took him to his home on the bottom of the river. Never more was he seen along the Bad River. Never was he found, although his people looked for him for many moons. While all this was happening, only one saw it. Sitting high up over the river in an old dead tree, was one of the forest children. He alone saw what had happened, and he alone could have helped Wa-bi-ni-mi-ki if he had wanted to do so. But he did not do so. He just sat there and watched, and watched, and then when the Water Spirit had done its worst, he flew away to tell all his people, that Wa-bi-ni-mi-ki would be seen no more along the river, that he would no longer catch the fishes that they wanted for their food.

But We-ne-bo-sho did not know this, or he would have asked the one who sits on dead trees all about it. So we find him sitting beside a little stream one day, after he had been gone for many moons, sitting there by the stream, his fire out, his food untouched, his head bowed in silent grief. For days he had traveled the trail along the fishing grounds, for many moons he had searched everywhere for his lost son; far to the north he had gone, for someone told him that he thought he had seen Wa-bi-ni-mi-ki's canoe along the lake that is called Gitchie Gummie, so he had searched all along its shore. He had gone far, far into the south for, Ah-Meek, the Beaver, had told him that he had seen the canoe on the river where all his people had their winter home so he had gone there and searched, but he had not found him, not even a trace of the canoe.

He sat there, a broken hearted man, sorrow filled his heart, for soon he must return to his wigwam and he had no news to take back



to Wa-bi-ni-mi-ki's mother and his four little sisters. He had called upon the Great Spirit to help him, but even He had not seemed to answer. Sorrowing, broken hearted, discouraged, he had sat down to cook his dinner and rest, but food did not taste right, he could not eat, for Wa-bi-ni-mi-ki had many, many times before that, been camping on this same spot with his father.

Long he sat there, when suddenly he heard a voice calling from across the stream. It said, "We-ne-bo-sho, why are you sad, why are you sitting beside a cold fire without eating your food; why do you hold your head and why do the tears flow from your eyes?" We-ne-bo-sho looked up to see who was asking these strange questions, and he saw, across the stream, sitting high up in a dead tree, a very beautiful bird. There he sat, on an old dead limb, his head turned to one side, looking down at We-ne-bo-sho and watching every move that he made.

"We-ne-bo-sho made to answer him, and asked if he would not come over and sit beside his fire, for there were many things that he had to tell. "For, you know," he said, "my son, Wa-bi-ni-mi-ki has been lost for a long, long time, he has been gone many moons and I have looked everywhere for him, but he can not be found. Have you seen him? Do you or your people know what has happened to him? I have asked most everyone in the forest and on the lake, but none know, or if they know they will not tell. Tell me, my little brother, have you seen him, or do you know what has happened?"

For some time the bird sat there just looking at We-ne-bo-sho and saying nothing. Then he flew across the stream and set himself down by the fire, as We-ne-bo-sho had invited him to do. Then he picked up a piece of venison that We-ne-bo-sho had left by the fire and he ate and ate and ate as if he had had nothing to eat for weeks. After he had eaten all of the venison, he washed his face, as all birds do and then he looked at We-ne-bo-sho and said, "We-ne-bo-sho, what would you give if someone could tell you where to find your son? Would you give to him who could tell you the story, that fine necklace that you have around your neck?" The bird, you must remember, knew what that necklace was, even as all the other creatures of the forest and streams knew it. For had not their great grandfathers seen how and when it had been given to We-ne-bo-sho by the Great Bear, the bad spirit, whom We-ne-bo-sho had fought for the Little People? Surely he knew and it was because his heart was bad that he asked for it. It was the magic necklace, with which We-ne-bo-sho was able to perform so many great deeds. If you wore it, and wished for something good, behold, there it was almost as soon as you had wished for it. But it could be made to do bad things as well, for the Great Bear, the Bad Spirit that injured the Little People, had worn it for many snows, and he was a Bad Spirit. Surely this bird knew that it was a great thing that he was asking of We-ne-bo-sho.

"Will you give the necklace to the teller of the story?" Will you take it off and hang it around his neck, so that he too, may have the power to do many great deeds? Will you do that, We-ne-bo-sho if your son's hiding place is told to you?"

We-ne-bo-sho waited a long time before he made answer. Not that he would not give the necklace, but that he might have time to think just what this brother of the forest might have in his mind. For all that We-ne-bo-sho had to do was to hold the necklace by its charm and wish to know what the bird wanted with it and the good spirit of the air would whisper it, into his ear. So this he did, and

the Spirit warned We-ne-bo-sho that the bird wanted nothing that was good. It was a selfish, greedy reason for which he desired the necklace. So We-ne-bo-sho waited and after a long time he said, "My brother, it is a strange thing that you ask of me. Never before has anyone asked for this necklace of mine. Do you understand what it may mean to me? Do you not know that if I give this to you, I will lose the power that I have, the power to do so many good deeds for all my people and for all your people too?"

"Yes, We-ne-bo-sho, I understand that," said the bird, "and I know that you have been doing many good deeds for all of us, but do you not think that there are others who might also do these good deeds for all the people? Do you not think that others would like to share the glory and the praise that you are now getting? You have had it long enough—you should share your power with your brothers."

Thus they sat and talked for a long time. Finally We-ne-bo-sho promised that if his little brother would tell him, or go and bring the one who knew where Wa-bi-ni-mi-ki was, to the fire so he could tell, that the necklace would be his. This pleased the bird very much, and he was quite excited to think that he was to have so fine a gift. But he was a little doubtful, that after he had told what he knew, We-ne-bo-sho might not give it to him after all. So he walked around the fire and stood before We-ne-bo-sho and said, "We-ne-bo-sho, before I tell what I know, for it is I who know the story of your son, I want that you should hang the necklace about my neck. I will be able to tell you the story much better if you do this."

"We-ne-bo-sho took the necklace from his own neck and placed it about that of the bird, and said to him, "Now, my brother, you have your wish, I have given you your reward, tell me now, where is my son. Tell me what you know of him, that I may go and find him and take him to his mother and his little sisters."

Then there was unfolded a tale, the like of which had never before been heard in all the north land. The bird told of how he had sat in a tree, on that fine morning when Wa-bi-ni-mi-ki had started out on his fishing trip. How he had watched from the tree and had seen him catch many fish, until his canoe was nearly full. How he had gone to the shore and builded a fire and ate of the fish, and had rested awhile, and then how he had once more launched his canoe and had paddled down the river. "I followed him, We-ne-bo-sho, and I saw him when he came to the great swift water, I saw him as he started down the rapids, I saw him as he hit the swift current that runs like the deer, yes, I saw all this. And I saw much more. I saw, below in the swift water, the old tree that Ke-we-din had left there in the last storm. I saw that too, and I knew that the canoe could not go around it or go over it, I saw all this, I saw more, I saw the canoe as it sprang upon the old tree trunk and saw the sharp points of the branches as they ripped and tore through the sides, until they had its heart torn out, and it died and sank beneath the waters. All this saw I from my seat in the tree top."

"But why," asked We-ne-bo-sho, "did you not go to his help? Why did you not warn him of the danger? Surely you could have done so if you saw all these things?"

"I have not finished as yet, We-ne-bo-sho," said the bird. "Wait until you hear all. I saw him as he was thrown from the canoe, I saw him start to swim to the shore, but the swift water spirit had him in his strong arms and he could not get away. Down the stream he went, faster and faster until he came to the Sharp Rock Spirits and



there, just when he thought that he was safe, the Sharp Rock Spirit reached out and struck him on the head with his Pa-ga-ma-gan, or war club and he sank beneath the swift waters, and his spirit went to dwell with the Great Water Spirit. All this I saw."

"But why did you not go to help him?" asked We-ne-bo-sho? "You could have saved him if you had cared to do so; do you not know that if you would have but called for me, that I would have come as swiftly as the Storm Spirit and would have reached him in time to save him?" "Surely, I do, We-ne-bo-sho," answered the bird. "I knew that, but I was GLAD to see him die in the waters."

"Glad," said We-ne-bo-sho in surprise. "Why that is terrible—you can not mean it, what is the reason that you wished my son to die?"

All this time the little bird had been wearing the necklace and was strutting up and down the ground before the fire like a proud young warrior with his first "coupe" of honor. We-ne-bo-sho had been watching him very closely, and now he made a wish. Because the bird had been cruel and had not helped Wa-bi-ni-mi-ki, because he had allowed him to die in the swift waters, We-ne-bo-sho made this wish: "That the necklace may slowly grow shorter and shorter until it draws up tight about the birds neck and chokes him until he can no longer see or breathe and then, his spirit too, shall wander about in the air until he can no longer rest or sleep."

Now, the bird did not know this, so after We-ne-bo-sho had asked him again why he did not help his son when he was in danger, he turned to We-ne-bo-sho and with fire flashing from his eyes said, "I'll tell you why. For a long time we have watched your son, as he went upon his fishing trips. We have watched all of you as you went, you go and catch the fish in the streams and lakes, and soon we will have none for our food. We do not like this, we never made a treaty with your people, as did the other people of the forests and lakes, we never will. You are robbing us of our food. We waited long for the chance to get even, and when I saw Wa-bi-ni-mi-ki sinking in the swift water, I knew that I had a chance to hit back at you. If you want him now, go to the pool at the foot of the fast water, where it swirls and eddies around the great oak tree that has withstood the storms of centuries, and there, THERE, will you find him. He lies there, his paddle still clutched in his hand, his face turned toward the western bank, a smile still on his lips, there will you find him."

Long again, We-ne-bo-sho sat in silence. Thinking of all these things that had been told him. Finally he turned toward his forest brother and said, "I thank you for your telling me of my son. The necklace you may keep, for it will bring you a reward for your work. I will go now to find my son, even as you tell me."

We-ne-bo-sho arose, and gathering his robe and his bow and arrow, prepared to start once more on his journey. The little forest brother was happy in the thought that he now held the magic necklace, and that he could perform all sorts of wonderful deeds, and become a great man among the people of the forest. But he was counting too soon. He had paid no attention to the necklace while he was telling We-ne-bo-sho his story, but now he looked down at it. It had grown very much shorter, and was almost up to his throat. He could not understand it at all. He turned to We-ne-bo-sho and as he did he felt the necklace grow tight around his throat.

With a great cry of fear he called to We-ne-bo-sho, "What is this that you have done to me? Why is the necklace growing so tight, I

can not breathe, it is choking me. Oh, Help me, Oh, Help me, I am afraid! ! ! And he made haste to pull it off over his head. How hard he pulled and tugged, until, just as he could no longer get the air into his lungs, and his heart seemed ready to burst, the necklace came off over the top of his head. But with it, came all the feathers around his neck, where the necklace had cut into his flesh. And the feathers on the top of his head, where the necklace had pulled them nearly out, stood straight up like the leaves of the young corn as it grows in the spring.

But he succeeded in getting it off, and throwing it on the ground at We-ne-bo-sho's feet, he flew to the top of the old dead tree, across the stream and there he sat rubbing his throat, where the feathers had been pulled out, and where the top of his head had been cut and scratched.

We-ne-bo-sho stood and watched him awhile and then said to him, "You were greedy, you wanted to have power in the forest, because you are bad, you asked for the necklace so that you could do things for yourself that were selfish and would hurt others. You are a funny looking sight now, with your feathers sticking up on your head like the young corn in the spring, and with your neck all cut and the feathers pulled out, why, it makes a white necklace for you. I think I shall let you have that necklace if you want it. You wanted a necklace so badly, now you have one."

"And because you were greedy and wished for bad things, Man-i-tou has done this to you and it will always be so, not only with you but with all your children and your children's children. Always, and forever, must you go through life with the feathers on the top of your head sticking up like the young corn in the spring, and with a necklace of white feathers around your neck, to remind you of what you have done this day. And, you and your people for all time will sit in dead trees, along the streams and rivers, and you shall watch the waters, even as you watched them when Wa-bi-ni-mi-ki, my son, was going down the swift water to his death." And We-ne-bo-sho again gathered his bow and arrows and his big warm bear skin robe and departed down the river, to the place where Wa-bi-ni-mi-ki lay in the quiet waters below the rapids, his face towards the western shore and a smile of contentment upon his lips.

Man-i-tou says, "He who wants that which is not good for him, and is greedy and jealous, shall suffer in the last of his days."

The Kingfisher—Kish-ki-man-isi—  
Ojibway.





